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# Heart full of Iron: Gettysburg



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## Chapter 1 by Zack Dillon

Walking. Walking. It seemed we were always god damn walking. General Dawes always wanted to walk. We'd been walking for two and a half days now. We were walking to Gettysburg, PA. It's just a small farm town, with its only significance being a road system like a wagon wheel. My name is Private John D. Montgomery. I was part of the Iron Brigade. Had been for several months. I was born and raised in Madison, Wisconsin. And as I was of age, I joined up with the 6th Wisconsin Infantry, which formed up with Indiana and Michigan to make the Iron Brigade.

Our scout had just come back. "Colonel Dawes," one proclaimed. "We've got them damn confederates 'bout a mile down yonder."

"How many?" Dawes asked. The scout looked nervous. "I don't know sir, um.. Well sir, I'd say they just 'bout outnumber us two, maybe three to one, sir." "Good," added Dawes. "This should be easy."

It was about 9:45 in the morning. we marched down to where the scout had said they would be. We marched for minutes more, but then we saw flashes of grey through the trees.

Confederates. Dawes shouted with a rage that was beast-like. We charged. We caught them by

surprise. We were as quiet as could be. We fired our rifles. We had them on the run.

They retreated into a six or seven hundred yard gap. We thought it was a retreat, but I

guess we were far off. They were hiding and waiting for us. We were losing men by the yard.

The smoke was so thick, a

to the out and it was the

brutalist thing you had ever seen. Our rifles were no more than bats. men used pistols or fists or

gun butts or they'd even take off their bayonets to use as swords. I saw friends die. Eccleston, a

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corporal was shot dead going for the rebel flag. Private Anderson, whom I had known for as long as I'd been in the army, bashed in the skull of the rebel who done it. We surrounded the rebels. There was a roaring silence. Dawes shouted "Throw down your muskets!" to the rebels.

We'd fallen back to Cemetery ridge by nightfall to fortify ourselves, and plan our attack for the next day.

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